

# THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

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## NIGHTFALL.

The hush of twilight, far and wide,  
Falls on the green and sloping meadows;  
All tremulous the aspens stand,  
By way-worn scythes lightly fanned,  
Where the clear brooklet's mimic tide  
Sweeps onward to the shadows.

All day its sun-decked ripples flow  
Through pastures strewn with hay and clover;

Through lonely glens where alders lean  
To kiss the dimpled waves, unseen,  
And sweet wild roses blush below  
The lambkins drooping o'er!

By this low bridge and moss-grown fence,  
In hushed mood its music lingers;  
While duted beach-leaves wide dispart,  
And circling swallows overhead  
Move lightly, till each warble brings  
Some fair reflection carries.

Up the broad shoulders of the hills  
Soft twilight shadows climb and darken;  
But on their faces, westward set,  
A smile of sunset trembles yet,  
And there a thousand sings, and thrills  
The world below to harken!

Far off the cuckoo's plaintive call,  
Scarcely separate from the silence, lingers;  
In shadowland the blossoms sleep,  
Where white-robed mist rises to keep  
Their nightly watch, cowering all  
With silent, dewy fingers.

The stars peep forth, the afterglow  
Fades slowly out behind the larches;  
The birds are hushed—save one that seems  
To chirp a little in his dreams—  
When outcast breezes faintly blow  
Adown the woodland arches.

The ripples vanish, seaward drawn;  
The flowers in sleep their perfume render;  
Slightly round each darkening slope  
The light is seen in patient hope,  
That the rich harvest of the dawn  
May rise in golden splendor!

—Sunset Magazine.

## Bending the Twig.

If the children could issue their Declaration of Rights, it would doubtless be found to contain a statement of their claim to acquire and dispose of property without the unjust interference of power. That is to say, they would demand the spending of their spending money, or the opportunity of saving it, as should seem to them best. And the claim would be as just and reasonable as those which their great-grandfathers stated in their Declaration of Rights, and for which they went to war a hundred years ago.

One of the great difficulties of life is the wise spending of money. It demands trained faculties and much strength of character. Is it reasonable, then, to expect of young men and women that they shall be prudent and judicious in expenditure, when as boys and girls they had no income and no practice? It is the theory of most parents that their children have all that they should reasonably desire, since it is all that the paternal purse can afford: liberal comforts, many luxuries; and that to give them money which they would of course waste is an unjustifiable indulgence and extravagance.

But few parents understand the vast educating power of responsibility, or the wisdom of laying the necessity of choice and decision upon children from the very beginning of their power of choice and decision. Of course they will make mistakes, and these very mistakes teach them as no admonition or example can do. Every intelligent child of six or seven years of age, being given the control of his spending money, whether it be a penny a week or a shilling, will at first buy what he does not want, and bewail the absence of the thing he did desire. But presently his blunders will have taught him a balancing of claims, a deliberation of choice, of which he could not otherwise have seen the necessity. He will begin to save his pennies, because he sees that shillings buy something better worth having. And the little headlong prodigal will have started on the road to thrift and prosperity almost before he knows the meaning of the words.

But that this sense of ownership may do its work it is essential that the allowance should be fixed, the limit within which it may be spent clearly understood, and good advice withheld except when it is asked for. And as the children grow older, the sum allotted them should be increased, till it covers all their personal expenditure. Ethel at fifteen should be as competent to buy her stockings, gloves, ribbons, underclothes, even her dresses, so far as quality and price are concerned, as her mother. And she will be, if she began purchasing her toys and pencils at six.

But she must be rigorously held to the logic of her mistakes. If she buy tasteless and flimsy things, she must pay the penalty of wearing them or going without. Next time her chastened choice will not betray her. Or, if Jack buy a worthless jack-knife, or a mongrel puppy, or a shoddy coat, and must abide by his bargain, he has bought with them an experience which makes it cheap.

But precept and practice will go for nothing unless the law is absolute that there shall be no parental alms-giving. It will be so hard for mamma to see the girls in shabby gloves and soiled hair-ribbons, because they have inconsiderately apportioned their month's inheritance, that dainty parcels will be apt to find their way to the bureau drawers, or small advances to offer themselves from their kindly purse. Or it will seem such a creditable taste in the boys to want that microscope, and to be so eager to study entomology, although they have spent the price of the microscope in a bicycle, that the fascinating instrument is very likely to appear in their room. And by this tender and cruel generosity all the force of their experience will be wasted. Unless effect is to follow cause, what discipline can there be? The law bears hard only on those who infringe it, and to the end that they may not again transgress.

Besides the prudence which this sense of ownership develops it begets a self-respect as well. The habit of teasing for money or for gifts is a form of beggary, and, like all beggary, degrading. The child feels, although he does not reason, that he has a right to certain possessions at the hands of his parents. They are to him, sources of unlimited supply, and if his demand is refused he is apt to feel resentful and defrauded. But if he is told that just such a sum and no more can be afforded for his little pleasures, and that he may choose himself what that shall buy, he will be rich with half the money which would have seemed niggardly had it been spent for him. There is a sweet reasonableness about children, and a self-respect that springs up vigorous when they are respected. And of all forms of trust none is so flattering as that which confides the use of money, for it implies in the receiver judgment, prudence, honesty and honor. —Harper's Bazar.

## Dry Earth for Bedding.

If any one will observe when the cows choose to lie down in the yard or pasture, it will be seen that they choose the bare ground, rather than the sod or bedding of straw. The same is true of sheep. We have taken this hint and furnished the cow-stables with dry earth bedding. Leaves and straw are poor absorbents in comparison. In the pig-pens dry earth has no equal. In very cold weather we add straw or leaves; but until the weather is very cold, the animals will be more comfortable with a bed of fresh soil, or of soil changed once a fortnight or week. In the chicken-house we have learned its great value as a deodorizer. Our roosts are over a sloping floor, on which we occasionally scatter dry earth. The droppings roll down into a pile of dry earth. This is turned over with a shovel each week or oftener, and we can say the chicken-house is free from any offensive odor, and the bright combs and glossy feathers tell of the health of the fowls. Dry earth is a good preventive, too, of vermin on cattle, pigs and poultry. It must be procured at a dry time, and stored under shed or in the stables. It not only promotes neatness and health, but saves the very elements of the manures which make them most valuable, and most of which would evaporate if not absorbed by the dry earth. We do not like it as a bedding in the horse stables, but it should be found in every stable, to sprinkle the floor with as soon as the bedding is removed in the morning. When removed from the stables, styes and coops, it should be kept under cover for spring use, or for drilling with the wheat in the fall. —Cincinnati Commercial.

A steamer just arrived in Baltimore from Liverpool brought over fourteen young Irish boys, who had hidden themselves on the steamer at the Liverpool dock.

Russian papers say that Tourgenieff, the novelist, will spend the rest of his life in writing stories for children.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Nearly every week a new book on the Jewish question is published in Germany.

The death is announced in London of John Winter Jones, geographical compiler and editor and for many years principal Librarian of the British Museum. He was born in Lambeth early in the century.

Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of our national hymn, "America," of the hymn, "The Morning Light is Breaking," and other popular sacred songs, is traveling in Europe and writing letters to the Boston Traveller.

A Burns musical festival with eight hundred singers was held lately at Kilmarlock, Scotland, at which twenty-five thousand persons were present. Many of the songs on the programme were written by Burns, and his statue was crowned with a holly wreath.

The late Sidney Lanier suffered grievously from ill-health for many years but was never heard to complain. His wholesome and generous nature triumphed over bodily ills and kept him always cheerful. He leaves a widow and four sons, the youngest an infant.

Either fame or notoriety was sufficient to qualify anybody for remuneration lecturing ten years ago; but the demand has steadily fallen off, and there are now very few speakers who can draw paying audiences in the lyceum field. The agents say that the business was overdone, and thereby ruined.

Johann Strauss celebrates presently the fiftieth anniversary of his first waltz, which was written when he was at the age of six. He has written since then three hundred and ninety-eight waltzes, polkas and quadrilles, and has probably made more money than any other composer alive.

William Hyde, editor of the St. Louis Republican, completes twenty-five years of service on that paper on the 8th of January. He served his apprenticeship as the only reporter that paper had for years, and was the first man west of the Mississippi to receive and prepare a news message over the wires. He will observe the anniversary by taking a vacation and going on a tour around the world.

## HUMOROUS.

"You may only want a part of my tale, but I am in for the hole," replied the rat. —Richardson Baton.

A man sometimes forgets, before he has paid, whether he has paid or not, but after he has paid he never forgets that he has paid. Man is naturally a liar. —N. O. Times.

The Pope is said to have sunk 90,000 lire in the attempt to run a newspaper. A much less expenditure of lire makes a New York paper a success. —London Courier.

The earth weighs 12,000,672,000,000,000,000 pounds, more or less. Just think of this, ye pompous politicians, who imagine that the west end tips up a little every time one of you goes east. —Detroit Free Press.

Mashed masher: Are women hard to understand? Egad, yes! We've known a woman to hint every five minutes for two days that she needed a new bonnet and her husband didn't seem to understand. —Boston Post.

The Princess Louise is an adept at Kensington and other fashionable embroidery. The Marquis, however, says she isn't worth a cent at darning socks or putting a new basement in a pair of pantaloons. —Chicago Times.

An extreme agony is for a young lady to add to her toilet a large sunflower at her belt. The occult signification of this is: "I always turn toward the son-of-some-rich-man." Isn't there a touch of the intense about this? —New Haven Register.

Since poet sharps are jingling rhymes on words misspelled, like Worcester. We set this old one in that style for all to print who choicester. Aunt Jemima climbed a tree, and had a stick to borchesier. An' (thar she sot a throwin' corn at our old hob-tailed rochester. —N. Y. Sun.

A young widow has married again. An old friend of the family reproaches her discreetly. "I am sure, my dear," he says, gently, "that you have not chosen as wisely as you might have done; had your poor dear husband been alive he would never have let you make such a match." —Paris Paper.

## Esthetes on the Billows.

They were an utter-too utter-crowd, and right back of them sat a big, flat-footed chap on his way to the lumber camps.

"I think this lake breeze quite too exhilarating for anything," observed a young man who ate dinner with a pair of green kids on.

"I've got something that beats it all holler," chipped in the big man. "They filled the bottle right up for a quarter. I don't want to buck agin the saloon on board, but if you say you've got cramps you shall have a pull at it."

If green kids had 'em he wouldn't own it, and to cover his embarrassment another of the party with eye-glasses and a white neck-tie remarked:

"Roll on, thou troubled waters, roll."

"Oh, you'll git roll enough before you git across Saginaw Bay," replied the big man. "Time this breeze has been blowing an hour you'll feel like an old dish-rag hung up to scare the crows away."

White neck-tie gave him a killing stare, but it glanced off, and one of the ladies said:

"He struggled bravely with the storm-lashed sea."

"Who was that, ma'am? P'raps you mean my old pard. Yes, he struggled bravely, and if this old lake wasn't just a-billin' then I don't want a cent. Jim was a good swimmer, but he had to cave at last."

The whole group gave him a looking over, but he was shot-proof, and, turning to Green Kids, he asked:

"Think you could save yourself if this boat went down?"

No answer.

"Yer possibly might," continued the man. "I went down off that pint above us about ten years ago and got through it, but it was a powerful tight squeak. If I'd had on one o' them shirts as button behind I'd bin a goner. What's the style o' yours, my son?"

They rose up as one, locked arms and passed into the cabin, and the big man looked after them and whistled:

"May-be they hain't used to traveling first-class and being polite to strangers! But I'll forgive 'em. Land! but won't the starch begin to peel off as soon as we slide around the pint and git to feel the sea! Yum! yum! But it will be too enthusiastically billowy for anything!" —Detroit Free Press.

## An Apt Biblical Quotation.

Where was it somebody was telling the Jester about a good old preacher somewhere down in Ohio, who loved his pipe and cigar far better than he did the man who always keeps awake through the hymns and goes to sleep during the sermon? One day, the committee of brethren came to remonstrate with the parson for about the hundredth time, beseeching and commanding him to abandon the wicked and filthy habit of smoking. "If," they told him, "you can give us one passage of Scripture, one line from the Bible that justifies you in the use of tobacco, we will let you smoke in peace and never approach you on the subject again."

"H'm," said the old man, "you mean that, do you?"

"Indeed, we do mean it, and we will abide by what we say," said the committee.

"Then," said the parson, brightening up, "how does Revelation xxii, 11, strike you?—He which is filthy, let him be filthy still?" And they turned away and were speechless. —Hawkeye.

"Can I see the lady of the house?" inquired the peddler. "Well, yes, you can if you ain't blind!" snapped the woman who had answered the bell. "Oh, beg pardon, madam; you are the lady of the house, then?" "Yes, I am! What d'yer take me for? Did yer think I was the gentleman of the house, or the next-door neighbor, or one of the farm hands, or the cat, or the ice-chest?" "I didn't know, madam, but you might be the youngest daughter." "Oh, did yer? Well that was nat'ral, too," replied the l. of the h. "What d'ye want, sir?" Then the peddler displayed his wares, and when he left that doorstep half an hour later, his face was full of pleasure and his pockets were full of money. He understood human nature and had made a good sale. —Boston Transcript.

Archibald Forbes will lecture on "The Fighting Men of the World."